

Courtship Side-Story: Hot Oil and Hot Guys

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(Please note that this is a side-story to my Gay Furry Romance Story "Courtship", and while it can be read as a standalone work, it's meant to be fit in-between Chapter 6 and Chapter 7! If you enjoy this, please check out Courtship! You might like it!)

I watched as Xavier closed the door behind us, the black fur on his tail almost catching on the door. Looking over at my bed, he rubbed his chin. "You know, it was a decent seduction idea, offering to give Teri a massage. You know how hard it is for that tiger to resist having a big muscular guy rubbing their paws all over his body. Still, you could take it up a notch, if you wanted." The skunk rubbed his chin, looking around the room. "Huh. I don't think I've ever been in your room before. So, what do we do now?"

I walked over to a drawer on my desk, opening it to find a container of oil inside. "W-well, did you bring a towel to lay down on?"

The skunk's eyes grew to the size of dinner plates. "Wait, you were serious about massaging me?"

My ears flopped against the sides of my head as I whimpered ever-so-slightly. "W-well, I do need to practice..."

Xavier folded his arms and leaned back, raising an eyebrow. "I'm uncertain. I mean, helping you tease Teri is one thing, but actually getting a massage from another guy?" He turned his head away.

I sighed. "Yeah, I guess I can understand if you feel uncomfortable. I mean, you get enough of that, giving with Teri."

The skunk rolled his eyes. "You have no idea. He's pretty shameless about flirting, even if he's not serious. He always says things like 'Oh my! You have such a lovely, floofy tail!' or 'Oh! You have such adorable starry eyes, I could get lost in them. As if he could get more patronizing.'" Putting a palm over his muzzle, he let out a long, pronounced sigh. "Ok, I'm probably going to regret this, but I *did* volunteer for it." He walked forward, looking at the bed. "I don't have a towel, though. And I'm really not sure what to do to start with this."

I walked over to my dresser. "I've got a towel we can use. And as for starting things, all you really need to do is take your clothes off and lay down." With a swish of the sky blue towel, I unfolded it and let it drape down onto the bed. "We'll do your back first, s-so lay down on your stomach."

I watched as Xavier winced, before unzipping his khaki pants and letting them fall to the ground. His baggy tweed vest was the next to go, unbuttoning it and dropping it to the ground. Next, he pulled his white undershirt up and over his head, his black hair bouncing out in a disarray as he let the garment fall to the ground. With a moment of hesitation, he hooked a thumb under the white briefs he was wearing, looking at me for a moment. If he was waiting to be prompted, I didn't pick up on it in time. With a sigh, he removed the underwear, letting it fall to the floor.

My eyes went wide wide as I took in the sight. I'd never really thought of Xavier as the type who ever took off his clothes. Like, at all. The grumpy skunk seemed to always have his nose in a book. But here he was, stripping himself bare. Xavier had black fur all over his body, save for a large oval of white along his chest and stomach, reaching down to his crotch. Along the center of his hair and running down his back was a streak of bone-white fur, ending at the tip of his fluffy white tail. Xavier wasn't scrawny like Teri. He had some meat on his bones. I guessed he was about five foot eight at most. The skunk was almost as wide as he was tall, his broad shoulders and large chest ending with small love handles along the sides of his stomach. I couldn't resist the urge to peek down below, and I found myself pleased by what I saw. A pair of balls nearly the size of kiwis lay tucked in a white fuzzy sac beneath a flaccid cock about three inches long. He scratched the back of his head, squirming his body at my gaze and frowning. "H-hey. You don't need to stare. I know I'm a bit chubby, but it's not THAT bad, is it?"

I gave him a smile. "Actually, you're kinda cute." There wasn't a hint of insincerity in my words.

"Un huh. Suuure. Lemme guess, Teri's been coaching you, right?" He rolled his eyes, walking to the towel and laying down on his back, his fluffy tail curling up and over his exposed body.

I frowned. The first step was to get that tail out of the way. "Hey, I'm being serious!"

"Yeah. Teri's always trying to get 'body positive' on me too. Look, I know I'm not an Adonis like you, Kristoph. Not all of us can be muscular husky gods." Xavier let out a brief snort as wiggled his footpaws.

Xavier's words clung in my mind as I tried to push his tail down between his legs. It curled back up along his backside. "You know, Teri's not wrong, man." I attempted to gently slide his tail off across his right leg so I could get his backside free and accessible. That worked for about half a minute, before it pulled back to curl up along his body. "Hm." I frowned, pausing for a moment to think about how to get a spot to work with no obstructions.

The statement triggered a long, pronounced sigh from Xavier. "Look, it's just something that makes me uncomfortable, is all. Everyone has their strengths and weaknesses, right? I just don't think my body is a strength. I'm not a pretty face, and I'm not really an athlete. I'm a scholar."

"H-hey, can you relax your tail?" I sighed, pushing it aside yet again, still not able to get started. The plump, fluffy thing was getting in the way of his back, and that was where I needed to work.

"Oh! Um, well." Xavier coughed. After a few moments, his tail lowered and flattened against his legs. "Sorry. I kinda get a bit... nervous when I'm nude."

I was quiet for a moment. "You... really don't think very highly of yourself, do you?" It hadn't occurred to me that Xavier and I might have something in common.

Xavier turned his head to stare out the window near my bed. "Like I said, there's nothing to be proud of. I'm not obese, but I'm hardly handsome of face, or anything like that. I just kind of blend into a crowd and most people don't really talk to me much. I'm not really that comfortable reaching out to others a lot either." He paused. "To be honest, no one's ever really said anything nice about how I look."

"Except Teri." I said, brushing down his fur to get a good feel for what I was working with.

"Except Teri." He nodded. "And Teri would flirt with the mailman if he had a chance. It's not really a compliment to be hit on by someone who'll wink suggestively at anything that moves."

"One moment, ok? I need to go heat the oil." I turned and ran out of the room with the bottle of scented oil I had ready for the job. A minute in the microwave, and a bowl of it was hot enough to be relaxing, but not hot enough to boil. Carrying the bowl with both

paws so I didn't drop it, I walked back into the room and closed the door with a footpaw. "You know, I d-don't really think you're giving Teri enough credit. He flirts with people as much to make them feel good about themselves as he does to seduce them." I dipped my fingers in the hot oil and began to dribble drops along the fur of his back. For a moment, I saw his body tense up. But then relaxed. "But I think I can kinda relate to feeling uncomfortable in your own skin, if that's how you feel."

A moment of silence passed between us as I spattered warm oil along Xavier's fuzzy back. "You can?" He said, his voice oddly lacking in any emotion.

"It's not exactly the same, but-" I paused to close my eyes. "I didn't really feel comfortable embracing myself until college. And I was especially uncomfortable with the attention I got. Especially when I started to show a bit of muscle." I dipped my fingers in the bowl of oil again. "Girls would talk to me, fawn over me, touch me... and I didn't know how to feel or behave. Half the time I didn't even realize they were flirting with me. I just felt panicked and didn't quite know why they were talking to me."

Xavier's response was deadpan. "That sounds ABSOLUTELY horrible."

"Being touched when you didn't want to be touched? People seeking you out and trying to get your attention when you want to be alone? Trying to get your attention in classes to blow you kisses or pass flirty letters when you're trying to just actually learn?" I whimpered. "The fact that I didn't seem to ever enjoy it just made me feel broken inside, and when they got too aggressive, it wasn't awesome. It felt kinda awkward and unnerving."

Xavier coughed. "Ok, maybe I get what you're saying." After a moment, he tucked his head into his arms, which were folded up in front of his body. "It sounds like we both have had some body issues."

"Yeah." I nodded, dipping my fingers into the bowl one more time. "Never really thought I'd be telling anyone about that, to be honest." I pressed my fingers down into the flesh of Xavier's back...

And then his tail shot up like a rocket and smacked right into my face. It was like being smacked with a feather duster. If the feather duster was nearly the size of a tire. Skunk fur got everywhere: My ears, my nose, and even my eyes. With a yelp, I stumbled back, nearly tripping. "Xavier!" I snapped at him, trying to get the feeling of fuzz out of my eyes.

He looked up. "Sorry! Sorry! I'm, um, well I'm REALLY not used to being touched by someone else, Kristoph." He settled his tail down again. "It just gets up like that on instinct. I'll do better. Sorry."

I snarled and walked back in front of him. "Good, because if that happens again you're going to wear this oil bowl out of this room on your head." I grumbled. Reaching down, I pushed my fingers back into his flesh, lowering my paws and rubbing his skin with my fingers and my palms. Making half circles along his body, I started from his lower back and moved up. Along the way I hit puddles of oil, getting the warm fluid spread all over his back. There were places where his muscles felt knotted, especially around his spine. Along those, I danced my fingers in tiny half circles, just like my coursebook taught me to.

I felt his body shiver. "Mmmmmmaaaaah..." Xavier's toes were curling. "That... really feels good." He let out a soft sigh, and I felt him almost relax more, his body sinking slightly into the bed. I worked my way up his body, feeling how warm and soft he was. As I got up to his shoulders, I felt a lot of pressure. Softening the pressure I was putting on him, I began to trace my fingers along the tension in his shoulders. A huff escaped his snout. "NNngh, you sure you need practice for this?" I saw his eyes rolling back in his head.

I was glad he wasn't looking towards me. At the height he was at, he'd have easily seen that I was popping a boner. It would have been embarrassing to explain. As much as Xavier insisted he wasn't attractive, I kinda thought he was. He was a little bit pudgy, yeah, but it just seemed to make him curvy. His bottom was rather plump, and looked very soft to the touch. Almost pillowy. And his tail, while it had irritated me, was very striking. I wanted to cuddle up against it and feel it against my body. And the sounds he was making while he was being massaged were doing it for me. I panted, feeling my cock rubbing against my pants. Maybe part of it was that the novelty of touching another guy hadn't rubbed off yet. Maybe part of it was that I was pent up. But there was something about Xavier that was very hot. I wasn't entirely sure how comfortable I was with it, but it was how I felt. Panting a bit, I continued my work. "Ok! I've finished up with your shoulders." I walked down the other end of the bed. "Now I'm going to work down, from the small of your back to your feet."

"Wait." Xavier pushed himself up off the bed and turned his head. In a moment, he was looking up at me, biting his lower lip. "That, um, does that mean you'll be touching my, um..."

I raised an eyebrow. "Your thighs? Your calves?"

He grit his teeth and closed his eyes. "My, um, bottom."

I felt my face getting a bit hot. He was right. And I'd just gotten done envisioning how that'd have felt. "O-oh! Er, yes. But only in a professional sense." I raised a paw, my ears flattening against my head. I was pretty sure Xavier was straight, and he was clearly a bit uncomfortable about the whole situation. "I'm not gonna do anything, you know, weird." And after a moment, I added. "And only if you want me to. Respect of b-boundaries and such."

Xavier was quiet, staring at me. His expression was inscrutable, his lips neither curled up into a smile, nor bent down into his trademark frown. His eyes weren't narrowing. I expected him to protest. At least to say something. But then, after a few moments, he just just settled back down. "It's ok. I mean, I did say I'd do this. Sure, it was to rile Teri up, but my word should mean something, you know?" He let out a slight sigh and nestled his striped head down between his folded arms. "Go ahead."

With a slight whimper, I dabbed some more of the hot oil on my slick paws. His agreement almost made it worse. I was already uncomfortably horny, and now I was going to be groping his rear? I decided to save that part for last, to give myself some time to cool off. I didn't want to have to deal with any temptation about anything. "Alright! Um, well, let's just start with your footpaws." I moved down to the ends of his legs, reaching down and rubbing the pads on the bottoms of his feet in a clockwise circle. Spreading my fingers out, I rubbed between each toe, stroking and caressing. I felt his digits wiggle around my fingers. His feet even started to squirm. It was making it difficult to work down there. And it took me a few moments to realise why he was suddenly so fidgety. "Xavier... are you ticklish?"

He had his teeth grit. I could tell by how he talked. "Just. Around. My footpads." he grunted out. He was trying his best not to laugh.

The temptation was too great. I wasn't a very mischievous dog in general, but I wasn't able to resist doing something. I leaned down and slurped along his left foot, licking it with a warm, affectionate doggy tongue. Xaveir's response was electric: His tail joked up, and he pounded a fist against the bed. His laughter was low and rough. There was something almost pleasant about it. I'd never heard the skunk laugh before. His footpaws tasted like salt and sweat and the scented massage oil I was using. I'd

expected it to taste gross, but surprisingly enough, I found myself liking it. Moving to the other paw, I licked along his toes. The skunk's laughter continued, as he squirmed on the bed. He probably would have pulled his legs away from me, but I was holding one down with my paws.

"Ahahahahaha-Stop it!" he sat up, glaring at me. "I'm sensitive down there! What are you, ten?"

Flashing him a sheepish grin, I pulled myself back up to a standing position. "S-sorry. I just... I don't hear you laugh much. It's kinda novel to hear it"

His brown eyes went wide. "I don't?" He looked away from me. "I'm not that bad, am I?"

"You just seem so detached all the time. I guess I just sort of assumed you weren't a very jolly person." I returned to my work as Xavier settled down, kneading his muscles up along his ankles. "It was kinda fun to see you smiling for once."

When he finally responded, I was all the way up towards his knees. "I guess I do come off as pretty grouchy a lot of the time, don't I? At least compared to Teri."

I couldn't help but chuckle. "Maybe you do, but I like you. And I think Teri has to feel some kinship towards you. Otherwise why would he stay your roommate?"

"Huh." Xavier turned his head, staring down at one of the pillows on my bed.

After a moment of silence passed between us, I tried again. "We're your friends, you know?" I was kneading the flesh around his thighs. First his left, then his right.

Xavier didn't reply back. I waited for a few moments, working around the territory of his thighs, my paws making half circles as I danced up and down his flesh. I almost spoke again, before he interrupted me. "Thanks. Thank you, Kristoph, for being my friend."

"Y-yeah." I looked away from him. "Don't mention it." I was a bit nervous. Not because Xavier was sounding legitimately sentimental. But because I needed to start working with the skunk's rump. And parts of me were entirely too excited about what I could do with his naked behind for the rest of me to feel comfortable going there. "Alright. I'm gonna start on your glutes." My trembling paws got a fresh coating of oil on them, before moving to clutch at the booty.

As I touched Xavier's ass, his head jerked up. I recoiled back, fearful of getting smacked by that tail again. But instead, all that happened was a sharp intake of air. Xavier had gasped. Cautiously, I started gripping and kneading with Xavier's bum. It was soft. Certain naughtier parts of my brain wanted to rest on it like a pillow. Or lick it, like I had his feet. Or nestle my muzzle down between those two cheeks and-

I shook my head. This was HOMEWORK, and I had to be professional about this. As much as my cock twitched in my jeans, I wasn't going to escalate the situation. Even though as I worked, Xavier was huffing and puffing like he was out of breath. Without any further incident, I finished with Xavier's squishy booty. "Alright. Now I need you to flip over, so I can massage your front."

His ears perked up. "Um, do you have to do the front?" Xavier's voice was sedate. Not necessarily relaxed, but quiet and lacking emotion.

"Well... I'm supposed to give a full body massage. There's muscles I haven't touched yet." I folded my arms against my chest.

Again, silence filled the room. It almost felt like Xavier was thinking or something. I coughed, and he let out a soft sigh. "I guess if we have to." His voice sounded tense. Like running one's finger up a guitar string, pressing ever so slightly in. And then Xavier rolled over.

My eyes went wide. "Xavier! Um, is that, er, what I think it is?"

"Yeah."

"But I thought you were-"

"I can't help it." Xavier's cock was rock hard. He measured up at nearly six inches of fleshy pink cock, with faint white fuzz trailing down around it, and coating his balls with the frosty stuff. What was more, by the slightly musky smell, I could tell he'd smeared some precum onto my bed. "I've never really been touched anywhere like that before." He sat up, scratching the back of his head and doing his best to look anywhere but into my eyes.

I still couldn't believe what I was seeing, what I was smelling. "But I thought you were straight!"

He folded his arms. "I am! At least I think I am. With one exception, before today I've only ever been, uh, physically attracted to girls."

Something sounded off about that sentence. "Before today?" Xavier's eyes went wide and he sputtered. He didn't need to stammer out an excuse. "Oh! I see."

"Please don't tell him." Xavier whimpered. "Teri would never let me hear the end of it."

"I can see how it'd only encourage him." I twitched my tail. Teri could be a bit overbearing at times. I'd seen Xavier brush off Teri's flirting, but if Teri knew he'd ever gotten a reaction, I didn't think he'd ever leave the skunk alone.

"Yeah." It was the first time I'd ever seen Xavier lose his composure over anything. "Look, this was a bad idea, I think." Xavier put his hands behind his body. "If you want to stop, I understand. I can see how this would be kinda gross for you. I mean, me of all people..."

I narrowed my eyes. I was trying to seem confident, but in reality, I was starting to feel bad for Xavier. This entire situation was way out of his comfort zone, and he'd made an effort to try and help me. And now he was embarrassed because I'd called attention to the fact that he was enjoying it. My ears drooped. I felt like I was messing up. Xavier as much as said he felt he was gross. My mind raced. What could I do to help him feel like he was desirable?

Dang it, what would TERI do?

The answer came like an arrow in the dark. "Nonsense." I dipped my fingers into the oil again. "I'm practicing massage-" In one fluid motion, I moved my paw to leave a trail of oil as my fingers slid up Xavier's hard cock. "-and that means it's my job to take hard things and make them soft again."

If he'd intended to leave, Xavier didn't follow through on it. He made an odd sound, almost like a "Churr" and practically melted like butter, flopping back down on the bed. "Oh god..." his breathing was in short, rapid bursts. Just a single caress had gotten that much of a reaction from him. I was panicking. I'd worried that I was pushing myself on him, but he seemed to be enjoying it. At least he hadn't protested, and he was making the most hot little snorting and churring noises.

All of a sudden, I found myself wondering if this was how Teri had felt back when it'd been my first time.

The revelation was weird. I wasn't comfortable thinking like Teri. But as worked up as I was, I wasn't sure I was thinking clearly. Certainly had my cock not been rubbing against my underwear, begging to be let out to play, I might not have had my paw on the skunk's cock right then and there. In spite of how much I was panicking about how aggressive I was, there was an animalistic part of me that was spurring me forward. "Y-you know, this oil has a variety of uses..." I tried to imitate my tiger roommate's cocky grin as much as I could, rubbing up and down on Xavier's cock with a firm, oily-slick grip. I was rewarded with precum spurting out, as he shuddered and arched his back.

Xavier was panting, gently humping into my paw as I pumped back and forth. "No no, hold still." I wagged a finger at him. "I'm, um, the massuse. It's my job to make you feel good right now." I squeezed his meat to make sure he was aware that I meant it.

His eyes widened. There was an almost tangible blush on his muzzle. "Nnnnghaaaaah!" He opened and shut his mouth, his body trembling. I quickened my stroking. And then, his head shot up and he gave me a firm, intent stare. "Your free paw... put your fingers in me. Down there." My eyes went wide as I realized what he was asking. "Please. I wan- I need to feel what it's like to have something inside me..."

I froze for a moment. I had just intended on giving Xavier a happy ending. To make him feel good for a little bit. It wasn't anything serious. And in all honestly, I was starting to feel a bit guilty about doing even that. I didn't really have any feelings for Xavier. Beyond the physical. But with him practically begging me. I tried to keep a straight face. "S-sure. The customer's always right, and all that." I dipped some fingers of my free paw into the warm, soothing oil. At the same time, I started beating his cock off again.

And as I moved an oily finger up to his tail hole, his head shot back and his eyes rolled into the back of his head. He let loose a sensual, feral moan I was almost sure Teri would have heard. What had I gotten myself into. As my finger circled his tailhole, he only kept making noises. Given how quiet Xavier usually was, I wasn't sure how to process this. Once I pushed a finger inside him, the skunk's hole started to flex and press in on it. Pumping my paw faster and faster, I let my digit squirm inside him, stretching his sphincter and sliding slowly back and forth within him.

It didn't take long. Xavier groaned, his body suddenly tensing up all over, before he spurt. A shower of white, creamy cum spattered all along his stomach, just a shade darker than the white of his fur.

And then he went limp, with a comforting sigh. "So that's what a climax feels like." He mumbled. "That was wonderful." His face was so uncharacteristic of what I knew of him. I didn't often see Xavier looking euphoric.

"Wait. This was **LITERALLY** your first time?"

The skunk looked down at his stomach. "I, um, didn't ever let myself explore those urges." He put a finger against some of his own seed and touched it. "I guess I just told myself if I wanted to feel it, I had to find someone first. And I never really tried to find anyone."

Hearing something almost like what I had once told myself was bizarre. I sighed. "Well, I guess the massage practice is more or less over."

Xavier started to wipe his fur clean with the blanket. "Yeah. I feel too antsy to sit still after that. Like I should do some situps or something."

I nodded. "That's the afterglow. It'll pass, butt i've lost focus myself."

We both avoided each other's gaze. After a moment, Xavier, in a quiet voice, interrupted my train of thought. "Um, does this change anything?"

And the circle was complete. Xavier was acting just like I had back when Teri and I had first- I shook my head. "Do you want it to change anything?"

He was frowned. "No. Not really. I got caught up in the sensations, I'll admit. But I don't really feel like I want to spend the time a relationship needs right now. There's a luxury to being single, and to be able to worry and care only about your own needs. I'm not sure I'm ready to give that up yet. I have things I want to do on my own still." He snorted. "And I've seen plenty of relationships cause drama and pull people from their studies. I really don't want any distractions like that, you know?"

I was inwardly relieved at the answer. "Then it's just a mutual experience we experienced, as friends. Nothing has to change at all. If you want, we don't even ever have to mention it again."

“Oh, thank god.” Xavier let out what I assumed was a sigh of relief. “I’d actually prefer to keep this between us for now. At least until I feel a bit more comfortable. And I was worried this was going to make things weird between us.”

“Yeah.” My voice was dry as I turned to start walking off. “And... you know, I’m still sort of hung up on someone else. Even if I did enjoy this.” I put my paw on the knob of my door. “Get cleaned up and dressed and meet me outside in a bit. And Xavier?”

He looked up at me as I gazed back at him. “Yeah?”

“Whether this changed anything or not, you’re still pretty dang hot.”

Ok, so maybe my flamboyant gay roommate was starting to rub off on me a bit.

The End!